

## **she was a sk8er girl by intertwiningwords**

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**Summary:**

max tries to teach el to skateboard.

# **she was a sk8er girl**

## **Author's Note:**

i'm sorry about the title i'm horrible

(i'm not really sorry)

enjoy! x

Their relationship had gotten off to a rocky start, El would admit that.

Apparently the way to woo a girl was not to make her fall off her skateboard using your psychic powers.

But the two girls quickly became close, extremely close.

"It's really not that hard," Max assured her, stepping off her board but keeping one foot placed firmly on it to keep it from rolling away. "I could show you, if you want."

El's eyes lit up. She loved trying new things, especially hands-on. Her curiosity could never be quenched it seemed, as every new opportunity excited her. It made Hopper incredibly nervous, how quick she was to jump headfirst into the unknown, but he trusted her. She nodded frantically, a grin forming on her face as she stood from where she'd been watching the redhead girl do tricks.

"Okay, so put one foot on the board," Max started. "Just get your balance with one foot still on the ground, see how it feels."

El did as she was told.

"Great!" Max told her, offering him a smile.

Max was pretty. Not pretty in the way that El thought Joyce and Nancy and Barb were pretty, but *pretty*. Really, really pretty.

"Now, just put your other foot up on the board, but don't kick off yet, just try to balance," Max instructed. She was a pretty good teacher, El

thought. El lifted her foot, instantly beginning to wobble as she brought it up on the board which teetered and moved forward a little as she moved, but Max was quick to grab her waist and steady her.

El's cheeks went red at the contact, almost losing her balance anyway despite the support from surprise.

"That's okay, it's hard to get used to at first," Max said sweetly. "Here, you can hold my shoulders," she offered, gently taking El's wrists and placing her hands on her own shoulders.

El knew she was supposed to be focused on the lesson, but Max's red hair was soft beneath her fingers, as well as her green sweater, and El just had to run her fingers through the waves gently, her lips curling into a little smile. "Pretty," she said softly.

Now it was Max's turn to blush, a small giggle escaping her lips. "Says you," she replied playfully.

El couldn't help but giggle too.

They stayed like that for a second, all smiles and flushed cheeks and innocent, wide eyes, before Max cleared her throat and shook her head as if waking from a trance, breaking their eye contact. "Do you wanna try pushing off?"

El nodded.

"Okay, but do it gently, alright? You can still hold onto me."

El nodded again, and she was glad that she could hold on, partly because she was nervous, but mostly because she simply didn't want to let go. She shakily moved one foot off the board and touched it to the concrete, gently pushing off. She stumbled as the board moved about an inch forward, but Max held her arm tightly and kept her from tumbling to the ground.

"You're doing really good, El," Max praised.

Compliments felt even better when they were coming from Max, for some reason.

“Do it again, a little harder this time.”

So El did, still a little shaky and off-balance, but she felt like she was getting the hang of it. Her grip on Max’s shoulder loosened, and she pushed off once, then twice, a little harder that time, and one more time, a little harder that time too.

By the fourth push, she had let go of Max completely, and the fifth push sent her prompt falling off the board. It didn’t hurt much, apart from her elbow which she’d skinned against the ground.

Max came rushing to her side instantly. “Are you alright? You just let go and it happened so fast for me to-”

“I’m okay,” El reassured her.

“May I?” she asked, gesturing to the elbow El was holding to her chest.

El nodded tentatively, and Max’s touch was gentle as she rolled up her sleeve, examining the scrape for a moment before pulling out a few bandaids from her jean pocket.

“I always keep them on me, in case I fall. I’ve gotten plenty of skinned knees and elbows, even still, so don’t be embarrassed,” Max told her, ripping open a bandage and carefully applying it to the scrape.

There was a quiet moment, before Max bent her head and leaned forward, pressing a soft kiss to the spot where the bandage was, pulling away with her face the color of her hair.

“My dad always used to kiss my cuts when he taught me,” she explained. “He said that love could make them heal faster. It’s silly, I know.” She chuckled, tucking a strand of her hair behind her ear.

El’s cheeks were just as red, and her heart was beating in her chest like crazy. “Not silly,” she replied. “Cute.”

El liked new things. She was curious, impulsive, and adventurous. She loved diving head first into the unknown, taking chances. So she took the most impulsive chance she could in that moment, leaning

forward and practically crashing her lips against Max's.

Max was momentarily shocked, but quickly kissed her back, hand reaching to softly cup El's cheek.

El all but melted into the kiss. Max's lips tasted like her strawberry scented chapstick, and they were soft.

When they pulled away, they were both wide-eyed and breathless and flustered beyond belief.

And then they were smiling, and then they were giggling.

The sun was slowly starting to go down, and Hopper insisted El be home by seven. She of course considered breaking that rule every night, just to spite him for always breaking promises, but she didn't want to worry him.

Max offered to walk her home, picking up her board and interlocking their pinkies as they walked side by side.

"Thank you for trying to teach me," El said.

"No problem," Max replied. "You're a fast learner. Maybe tomorrow we can do it again? Get ice cream after?"

El smiled. "I'd like that."

They were approaching the house, and El didn't want it to end, but she didn't really have a choice. Anyway, she'd be seeing the redhead girl with strawberry lips again tomorrow, so she wouldn't have to wait long.

"Bye, El."

"Bye, Max."

Max leaned forward and pressed a soft kiss to her cheek, pulled away with a smile, and watched El walk to her door before getting on her board and riding home.

The first thing Hopper asked El when she got in the door was why

she looked so happy. She merely gave him an innocent smile and asked how his day was, sitting at the table across from him.

She couldn't wait for another skateboarding lesson.

**Author's Note:**

hope you enjoyed, feedback is always appreciated!

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